3: Skrine G-3 (1922-1924) 1926 All Sinkiang All

Ever hopeful, the populace took up positions on the surrounding roofs, waiting for us to show our noses outside. It is absurd to complain of the " bad manners " of the inhabitants, as some travellers do in similar circumstances; their curiosity is perfectly natural, and must be put up with. What Londoner would not stare, if he saw a Keriya Beg strolling down Piccadilly in full costume with an eagle on his wrist and the ladies of his harem following him at a respectful distance?

Winter was now upon us, and I was far behind my original tour-programme. Leaving Keriya on 5th December, we accomplished the return journey to Kashgar with almost undignified rapidity under the stimulus of icy winds from the desert. In spite of halts of two days at Khotan, three at Karghalik and four at Yarkand we were back in the Consulate by 27th December, in time to give belated Christmas parties and the official New Year dinner. Except for pilgrimages to two of Sir Aurel Stein's sites, at Khadalik near Domoko and Yotkan, the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Khotan, we had little time for anything but travelling and official business. As on the outward journey, we slept each night either (at the larger centres) in private houses, or in the Chinese timber-and-mud-brick rest-houses reserved for officials. Whereas the native *serais* are often very dirty, these *langars* are usually fairly clean, though bare and dusty, as they are seldom used. The buildings generally consist of a gateway of the Chinese type, with a wall built across the front to keep the devils out, and a courtyard on three sides of which are servants' quarters, kitchen, store-rooms and stables, while on the fourth, opposite the gate, are the *chambres de maître*. These are either three or five in number and open into one another, all except the middle one being provided with fire-places. Their windows are not glazed, but consist of light wooden lattice-work frames pasted over with white mulberry-bark paper.

The day we double-marched from Karghalik to Yarkand was one of the most strenuous I have ever spent. D. started with the caravan at nine, in the tarantass, while I proceeded to the Yamen, intending to finish off my business with the Amban in two or three hours and catch D. up in time for lunch somewhere about Posgam. Alas for my optimistic programme! I might have known my Manchu Amban. So many and knotty were the points he raised as a *bonne bouche* to our lively and prolonged discussions, and so loath was he (so he said) to part with me, that although I parried all his attempts to keep me

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because there is nothing for which to exchange it. Once a week a caravan carrying Government supplies deposits a bag of flour at the door. This is the subsidy granted to them, in exchange of which her husband is bound to be at his post all through the year, and keep the well from being choked by sand. She has never thought in terms which refer to anything except meals, births and occasionally deaths. Her boys may go farther afield, and if they do, she knows that they will never return, but after a time she will become accustomed to their absence and it will not trouble her again."

With spiritual senses dormant, mental powers arrested and physical demands reduced to the minimum, wherein shall a human being show that he differs from the beasts whose conditions he shares? There is hardly anything which can be called attitudes or reactions.

About the Chinese-speaking Moslems Miss Cable reports that Chinese travelers avoid any inn operated by Moslems because of the rudeness to which they may be subjected when using it. This is a very particular observation, as in other places in the Northwest, non-Moslem Chinese prefer to go to Mohammedan restaurants, which are famed for their cleanliness and tasty food. In many places Moslems have monopolized the innkeeper business, so that they cannot possibly be avoided. Even the Chinese guests abstain from eating pork during their stay, every pot and pan which they possess is considered unclean and will not be allowed inside the kitchen. This is not conducive to good feeling between host and guest, and may at any time lead to high words and even to blows. Toward known westerners the Moslems' attitude is somewhat different, and more tolerant. Cable records the experience of her party in staying in an inn with the sign of "Pure and True Religion" by saying, "The attitude toward our party was different because, though we were styled kaper (infidel) we were known to keep a 'clean' kitchen, which is to say that pork, lard, and every produce of the pig was rigidly excluded from our menu. We were 'infidels of the book' for the Bible and not the Koran was our guide, but we were not 'infidels of the pig' which was an insult reserved for eaters of unclean food. The closest watch was kept upon us as we journeyed, and any lapse or laxity would have been reported to every mosque on our route, so that 'pure religion' inns would have been closed to us. Moslems acknowledged that we were as free from idolatry as themselves, but openly stigmatized us as blasphemers, for we called the prophet Jesus 'Son of God', and the innkeeper turned aside to spit whenever he heard the word." (pp. 72-73). The Moslems who are of means like to make others understand that they are wealthy people. "Like other Tungan landlords to whose houses we had the entree, he left us with a sense that he was very wealthy and that his

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apparent trade of innkeeping was simply a cover for another and more lucrative business." (p. 73).

Like the Chinese, the sinicized Moslems are very much concerned with the problem of offspring. To them continuity of life is bound up with that prolongation of existence which a son secures, one who carries on the life which he owes to his parents. This is a completely Chinese concept. The Chinese-speaking Moslems cannot understand and would certainly not accept the Christian faith that life after death is God's gift, that one does not depend upon a son and his worship, and that immortality means the soul or spirit living eternally in Heaven. Miss Cable records in her book: "We talked often of these things, but it was hard for them to understand what I told them, and they would turn it off with one excuse or another. 'She is different from us', they said, 'her life is given up to God's work and her merit will secure her an entrance to Paradise'. Some envied, some pitied, some just stared and made no effort to understand, others summed it up in these words: 'Eastern ways are for the East, Western ways are for the West.'" (p. 75).

The Chinese-speaking Moslems in the Northwest, in spite of their having taken up a considerable amount of the Chinese way of life, are deeply conscious of racial and religious inadaptability to Chinese rules. Most of them are always rebellious. They alwasy think that they are oppressed or unfairly treated by the Chinese authorities. For this reason, Moslem revolts occur in the Northwest frequently. For example, the immediate cause of the the 1930 revolt was, according to Miss Cable's account, the suspicion of the Moslems that the Chinese Government was to change their age-old social and political system and that the Chinese population in the area goat many advantages at the expense of the Moslems. Up to 1930 the Moslems in the Hami district of Sinkiang were always governed by a ruler of their own race, religion and speech. The last one of their rulers was Khan Maksud Shah. This ruler died during the year 1930. The Chinese Sinkiang Government took this opportunity to end the Moslem system and the succession of the Khan was not allowed to continue. Maksud's son, Nazir, heir to the throne was summoned to report at Urumchi, then capital of the Sinkiang Provincial Government, and Yolbars, the Tiger Prince, was ordered to appear with him. This was bad news for the Moslem inhabitants. Later, a word came from the capital that the young prince had been made a prisoner in his own lodging, and that there were to be many changes in the standing of the Turki people. When Yolbars returned to Hami he left Nazir in Urumchi, and arrived in company with a band of Chinese officials who at once sat down to business and drew up a list of changes which were to be introduced in the administration of the Moslem community. The old administration

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site but marked by a shrine flanked with two high poles. A stake roughly carved to suggest the form of a man was driven into the ground, and its rounded knob was thick with the oil which generations of carters have poured over it as a libation.

We hastened on, and before nightfall came in sight of the Pass, which bears the strange name of 'The Ravine of Baboons.' It was not encouraging to catch sight of a group of soldiers watching us through field-glasses from an eminence. At the entrance to the Ravine we found a military tent pitched, and the guards waiting to question us. The N.C.O. was none too well-mannered. He scoffed at the idea of our carrying so heavy a load of books, and said: 'If you tell me stories like that I'll search your baggage through!' We then produced our passports, which he scrutinised. They were important-looking documents, and evidently impressed him, perhaps the more so because he was wholly illiterate, as we discovered next day. The mere sight of them, however, had a wholesome effect upon him, for he handed them back with an apology for not being able to offer us tea in his tent. We continued our way through the narrow Pass for another two miles, and at every turn of the road soldiers appeared. When we reached the little village we were at once surrounded by a crowd of military, and an officer coming on the scene told us we could not proceed until such a time as the Governor, by telegram, should have indicated his willingness for us to do so. He directed us then to the only vacant room in the place, which was situated in an inn court so small that the carts had to stand in the road outside. The room itself was wretched beyond description. It had no door, while a hole in the wall served as window, so that we were unable for a moment to escape the inspection of the crowd of soldiers. The

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kang was broken down, the top surface of mud had given way, and through the large holes the semi-burnt horse-manure appeared in the space below. We received a good deal of gratuitous, but not ill-natured, advice from the young recruits as to the angle at which our bedding could best be distributed, to lessen the danger of falling into the chasm. 'That quilt must come a little more to the north, or your feet will be down the hole.' 'It is a tight fit for three, but you can move a little more to the east and still be safe.'

Failing hot water, we sent for a basin full of cold, provoking the remark: 'They are extraordinarily clean. Always washing!' We were indeed glad at last to lie down under cover of darkness and get some hours of sleep! Viewed by the light of the grey dawn our conditions looked no less wretched than they had done the night before. The court was again crowded, and round the entrance of the inn groups of men and boys were already gathered throwing dice and gambling for small stakes. Half-a-dozen youths at once attracted our attention, their trouser-legs having been slit down, showing the flesh covered with festering wounds as a result of floggings. At 8 a.m. an officer came round, and we signified to him our desire to move on that day. He was aggravatingly affable, and told us that on such a hard journey as the one we were taking, it was always well to rest for a day. 'Our own food-supply and the grain for the animals is only sufficient to get us through to Hami,' we protested, 'and delay will be serious.' 'Yes, yes, yes, yes,' he replied, 'you leave it to me and I'll see that the telegram to the Governor goes to-day,' thus incidentally revealing the fact that he had not yet sent it.

It was useless to argue, although our passports bore a *laissez-passer* for the Sinkiang frontier. 'I have been

T.J.G.
I[inn at Hsinghsinghsia--Analyst]

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[Facing p. 196]

THE INN OF LOST ILLUSIONS.

"This is a small place, and the inns are poor. I suppose your hotels are all better than this."

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am her only child,' he told us. 'She has no idea what has happened to me, and thinks that I am safe with my uncle in Hami. They stopped me here, and say that I am to be a soldier. They allow us neither to write nor to receive letters. I was born to an unlucky fate.'

An elderly man employed in the Yamen had left his wife in Urumchi in order to transact business in Kansu, but he was not allowed to get there, and had been doing office work for the garrison for over a year. He was attempting to forget his troubles by opium-smoking.

A youth, whose legs were a terrible sight from flogging, came smiling to our room and addressed us by name: 'Do you know me?' he said. 'I am a Suchow boy and attended your Children's Service every night last winter. I would not believe the people who told me I should not get through to "Kow Wai," but this is the result of my folly!' We spoke about the wounds on his body, and he told us that he had run away and been recaptured by patrols, and then severely beaten on being brought back to the camp.

Some of the unfortunate men though supplied with adequate passports had been held up, waiting day after day hoping to hear that they might proceed on their journey. No telegram had ever come, nor had they any means of ascertaining whether the permission they hoped for had even been requested. The horrors of this Inferno were more strongly impressed on us each day. From early dawn till dark the men gambled, loafed, fought and cursed their fate. Young boys were thrown into the company of men to whom no form of vice was unknown, and a spirit of blank hopelessness dominated the place.

On the second night of our stay[1] heavy rain began to fall, and continued through the next day. It poured into our room by a dozen holes in the roof, and the

[1] [At Hsinghsinghsia -- Analyst]

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mud floor was transformed into a series of mud pits so treacherously slippery that we had to move about with the greatest care. During a fine spell between two storms the Commanding Officer appeared at our door to return our call. We were not sorry that he should see our plight, but his only comment was: 'This is a small place, and the inns are poor. I suppose that in England your hotels are all better than this?'

Though we suffered so much discomfort from the rain, we were secretly rejoicing, because news was brought to us that a number of young men had escaped that night, and thanks to the rain had not yet been recaptured. Hsinghsinghsia has the only spring of water in an immense area, and the patrols found it sufficient to watch the next springs on either side in order to take deserters. As the hunted man crept stealthily to the water's edge to slake his thirst under cover of darkness, the mounted soldiers seized him, bound him and drove him back to the camp, where many had died from the severity of the flogging received. After the rains, however, little pools of water collected in the hollows of the granite rocks, and thus enabled the fugitives to leave the main road and so reach freedom. Many deaths had occurred through pedestrians, or mounted travellers, trying to cross the frontier without passing the camp. One day six riderless mules were captured, the men having, doubtless, died of thirst in the sands.

It was very touching to see the delight with which groups of these poor men would gather around us and talk for long hours. We had travelled so much in North China that we knew the localities from which several of them had come. Some from Shansi found that we actually knew the very villages where their parents lived, and in some cases we had even visited the homes of relatives. One youth was the son of the

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CHAPTER XXXV

FROM DOVE TOWER TO HAMI

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THE oasis of 'Dove Tower' proved to be somewhat larger than those which we had recently passed. It even boasted a little shop where one could purchase matches, cigarettes, tobacco, small-sized face towels, incense, and the poorest quality of the paper articles required for temple worship. This shop was also the post-office, though it provided neither stamps nor post-cards; it kept, however, a surprisingly good stock of medicinal plants and opium. The few inns which composed the village were built at the foot of a high, overhanging cliff riddled with holes, in which wild doves built their nests. Flocks of these birds were always flying across the face of the cliff, their wings shining in the sunlight as though covered with silver and their feathers with yellow gold. The heat reflected from the cliff was intense, and we were glad to find the inn room to be windowless, and depending entirely for ventilation on a small hole in the roof. This type of room at first sight seems to be devoid of any single element of comfort, for on entering the traveller finds himself in a dark apartment scarcely larger than a cupboard. Apart from a narrow passage, the whole floor space is occupied by a mud *kang*. In place of a ceiling the roof is lined with dried grass, indescribably filthy and coated with a black deposit from the heavy smoke of the smouldering manure, and which grass gradually loosens and hangs down but a few feet from the sleeper's face. A small round hole in the roof, about the size of an ordinary stove-pipe, supplies the ventilation and one ray of daylight, for as there is no window, on closing the

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door the darkness is almost complete. Experience in travel, however, enables one to appreciate the fact that in this dark hole: 1. The rays of the sun being excluded, the traveller (whose only rest is taken by day) has a good chance of sleep; 2. The heat does not easily penetrate this earthen dwelling; 3. The darkness is so distasteful to flies that once the room is shut up they voluntarily leave by the hole in the roof; 4. The Gobi wind and swirling sand are as effectively excluded as possible; 5. The tired traveller may sleep as soundly as he pleases, there being no aperture through which a stealthy hand can introduce itself and abstract his goods while he slumbers.

We had been in bed for about three hours when we heard the sound of the derelict cart approaching the inn. It was quite unmistakable owing to the thud given each time when the injured portion of the wheel met the ground. There were a few deep groans from the driver; a brief conversation with the innkeeper; and then, silence while the exhausted men slept.

In the afternoon a council of war was held, and the Turki driver of our rescued conveyance was induced, for a moderate sum of money, to fill up his empty cart with the heavy luggage, which he undertook to deliver in Hami. There was no blacksmith nor wheelwright in the village, but a venerable Turki volunteered his amateur services, and by means of a length of rope, a few nails and the skilful use of an adze, before nightfall the wheel was so far repaired, that by letting the cart go empty we hoped to bring it in safety to Hami.

Our next night of travel brought us to the well-named oasis of Changliushui—'The Inexhaustible Spring.' As we approached by moonlight we suddenly caught sight of a tree, the first we had seen since leaving

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Ansi, and our own exhilaration was shared by the whole cavalcade. The tired mules shook their heads as they smelt the cool verdure, while the carter explained: 'Now our troubles are all over! We have come to sweet water!' Several of the inns were full, but we finally got rooms in a seemingly abandoned courtyard. The landlord was away from home, but a good deal of knocking brought his wife from her bed, and she consented to receive us. In a few minutes the sheep-dung fire was glowing, the water boiling, and we were drinking an ambrosial infusion-tea made with 'sweet water.'

A good number of families inhabited this oasis,[1] and we were now sufficiently far from the Kansu frontier for the normal conditions of travel and business to obtain once more. The various inn yards were full of peasants' carts bringing produce from Hami, and we were also able to buy fresh vegetables and a melon. We sat for several hours in the shade of the trees by the bubbling spring, talking with the women who came there to draw water. It was a restful spot, and it was with regret that we left it. The next dawn brought us to Hwanglukang—'The Hill of Yellow Reeds.' Here the character of the country changed, the village being situated in the midst of rolling steppes, where tall grass supplied abundant provender for cattle. In this place we saw the cattle all kneeling before tussocks of coarse grass which they had worn down to smooth hummocks with the rubbing of their necks. The appearance was very strange and gave the impression of an act of worship. In the afternoon we wandered out to see the village and its inhabitants, calling at the Mosque, where we found a venerable Ahung—courteous, dignified and friendly—surrounded by a group of little boys, to whom he was teaching the Koran. They were

1 [Changliushui -- Analyst

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the sons of the Turki families in the neighbourhood, but the innkeepers were still mostly Chinese.

It was here that we experienced the one serious mishap of our journey. One of the carters had volunteered to cook the dinner, and having espied round the well-mouth a thick growth of toadstools, privately decided to flavour the *mien* with them. Luckily for us the experiment, from a culinary point of view, was a failure. The gravy in which the macaroni floated was grey, slimy, and carried globules of oil on its surface, being besides nauseous to the taste. In consequence we ate but little, and one of the party finding a fragment of what she took to be a mushroom in her bowl, removed it with her chopsticks and cast it on to the rubbish heap which lay in a corner of the room. Another, less wise, ate her portion without question, and an hour later was taken exceedingly ill, so that for some hours we wondered how things would go with her. By evening, however, the symptoms abated, and she gradually recovered. Others of the party were also affected, but less seriously.

It was consequently with a renewed sense of gratitude to Almighty God that we moved on to Yükoshu—'The Elms'—where by the side of the village pond we found a spacious and empty inn, clean and comfortable, where a quiet night did wonders in restoring strength. We were now only seventeen miles from the town of Hami, and next morning we started early, all excitement at the thought of being soon in that ancient and renowned city. We travelled first over an undulating grassy plain, and later on through a belt of sand. We had only gone two miles when we saw the Chinese Evangelist, who had gone on ahead, galloping back towards us and riding a strange horse. To our amazement he brought the news that Mr. Hunter (whom we believed

I [Changliushui -- Analyst]

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Hami is by far the largest and most fertile oasis through which we had passed. For six miles before we sighted the town we were travelling in highly-cultivated land, abundantly watered, and between fields of wheat, cotton, millet, maize and sorgum. Approaching the town we passed through a fine avenue of trees; the sky overhead was cloudless, and in the background the snow-peaks of the Karlik Tagh Range glittered in the sunshine. At that moment a group of girls in long scarlet dresses and flowing white veils came running down the road chasing a herd of unruly donkeys. They gave the last touch to a brilliant scene of prosperity and riotous colour.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE WONDERFUL CITY OF HAMI

THE beauties of Hami exceeded all our expectations, high as these had been. The inn in which we stayed was situated in the large, unwalled, commercial area of the town, and the landlord was a wealthy Moslem Turki. When our drivers turned into the spacious, open courtyard bordered with well-kept flower-beds, and surrounded by rows of well-built rooms, we could scarcely credit that this was the 'inn' of which Mr. Hunter had spoken so modestly. A suite of three rooms, communicating by inner doors, was allotted us, and we found that we were the first tenants to occupy them. The windows were newly papered, and with a fresh, clean matting on the *kang* all was spotlessly clean. There was no stabling provided, however, so after unlading, our drivers, carts, and mules departed to another inn of a more ordinary type. We had the

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485 exclusive use of a small kitchen, in which we cooked with our own utensils. Our word was accepted that no pork, lard or swine's flesh of any description would be used, nevertheless the members of this large Moslem clan preferred employing another kitchen rather than that contaminated by wandering Gentiles.

262 The landlord was on the spot to receive us, and at once we were served with a melon, which was entirely worthy of the reputation that Hami has gained for this fruit. An hour later we sat down to an abundant meal of rice and good Chantow bread, a dish of chopped mutton and egg-plant fried together, a plate of French beans *sautés* in mutton fat with sliced cucumber, and the whole accompanied by unlimited 'sweet water' tea, followed by slices of cantaloupe melon—truly a feast for the gods!

485 Before we had finished our meal Mr. Hunter arrived with an armful of our much accumulated mail, which kept us fully occupied for the remainder of the afternoon. The landlord meanwhile explained to us that his inn was only recently built, and was constructed to accommodate such merchants as might need to spend a considerable period in Hami. It was not yet officially opened, but when his old friend, Mr. Hunter, asked that we might be his first guests, he could not refuse him, especially in view of the long distance which we had come. This eventful day then closed with a hot sponge-bath, as, for the first time since leaving Suchow, we were able to obtain sufficient hot water for our use.

361 During the next few days we visited every portion
634 of the three settlements which form the city of Hami. There is a well-built, mud-walled town in which is situated the Palace of the Khan, known by the Chinese as Wang ye.

Jenghiz Khan, in the thirteenth century, bestowed

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133 312 The next dawn found us at a beautiful spot called Yatzchüan—'The Duck Pond.' It held a 'living spring,' that is to say, one in which the water is in constant motion, welling up from the sandy bed, sometimes with such force as to set the whole pond in ebullition. Every few minutes the depths were strongly disturbed, and a trembling column of sand would rise to the surface and then break in large bubbles. The oases through which we were passing were fed by the same water supply as that which irrigated the fields of Hami. It has been pointed out that the traveller must not allow himself to be deceived by the long, continuous blue line, indicating the flow of imaginary rivers connecting the ranges of the Barkul mountains and Karlik Tagh with visionary lakes. As a matter of fact, the water from the melted snows is lost in the gravel soil at the foot of these ranges, but reappears many miles away in such living springs as that by which we rested, or in a saline well in some depression of the desert. The Khan of Hami owns a house at this place, in which he stays when travelling on official business, and the caretaker allowed us the use of his rooms. They were clean and comfortable, but as bare as an inn. Near the front gate was his private mosque, decorated with a picture of Mecca. These buildings were throughout of mud, but the outer walls were yellow-washed, with a view of giving to the whole an imperial aspect.

133 On leaving the 'Duck Pond' we drove for twelve hours on a long, arid, stony, uphill stage, and shortly after sunrise arrived at an isolated inn. For several days each stage had brought us nearer to the foothills of the Barkul Range, and here we were so close that only three days' journey north-east divided us from the town and lake of Barkul, both of which lie on the other side of the Range. In these mountains are herds of wild

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asses and of bronchos, reputed to be untameable. We were now at an altitude of 5500 feet, and on the edge of a bare plateau overlooking a depression to the south, from which a road led off in the direction of Turfan. It was an ancient road, now in disuse, being considered too dangerous for caravans. The wind blows down this valley with such tremendous force that whole caravans have perished, the carts being blown to pieces and the men and beasts overwhelmed by the whirling sand. The innkeeper pointed out a spot called San Chien Fangtz—'The Three Rooms'—where eighteen carts laden with silver are said to have totally vanished. Acting as servant to this innkeeper was a young man who greeted us with sheepish cordiality. 'You got away all right from Hsinghsinghsia,' he said, and he proved to be one of the men who had escaped on the rainy night of our stay there, and who had not been recaptured.

Leaving that afternoon, we saw a lizard differing from any we had met with in other parts of the desert. It was about one and a half feet long, and was too quick for the carters, who chased it with their whips but failed to catch it. Continuing uphill between rocks, granite boulders, and volcanic slopes, over a stony road, we reached Chekuluchüan—'Cart Wheel Halt.' Of the three inns which formed this hamlet, two were untenanted and the third was badly broken down. Some of the rooms were roofless, while in others large holes had appeared in the walls, but having accomplished the short stage we were thankful to get rather longer hours of sleep than usual, and felt greatly refreshed by the cooler air of this quiet spot. The little row of inns stood in a gorge between stony hills, and the force of the gales through the narrow ravine was so great as to have worn the rocks into hollows, in the depths of which

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A GOBI INN.

"There was a foreigner here once who said he had come to Chekulu to measure the distance to the sun. A likely tale!"

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and of perpendicular strata. Great naked crags towered above us, and in some parts the side of the mountain was cut clean through as with a gigantic knife. Our previous experience of mountain passes had led us to expect a road which must rise and fall with the course of the mountain, and we were greatly astonished when, hour after hour, we still pursued a course with no semblance of a hill. The rugged grandeur of the scene was most impressive. On either side the loose boulders were flung in wild confusion, though never blocking the path so as to make it impassable to the carts.

As the night wore on the constant winding of the Pass, in which we could never see more than a few hundred feet ahead owing to its tortuous nature, made the stage seem interminable. It appeared as though, after so many hours, the next turn *must* bring an opening to view, but once again the road twisted and vanished round yet another corner. Suddenly, without warning, we emerged, and saw in the brilliant moonlight the inn of Towshui—' Head Spring '—which was a welcome sight indeed.

During the winter months this gorge is closed by the snow, and many travellers have been lost in the drifts caused by the sweeping of the winds round the sharp corners ; the optional road via Turfan has then to be taken. The only signs of life in these desolate, barren, stony chasms were the birds of prey which hovered overhead. A Chinese traveller told us that once, when eating a wayside lunch in the gorge, he turned his head aside for an instant, and like lightning an eagle swept past, taking the bread from his hand.

From Towshui to the next inn, which is Tashitow—' The Great Stone '—the road led over the watershed dividing Chinese Turkestan from Dzungaria. We drove over undulating downs, and as we descended the other

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slope met some rough descents over granite slabs. As we gradually came in view of the northern slopes of the Tian Shan we found the barren, stony face, typical of the south side of this range, exchanged for wooded slopes, while the sandy wastes gave way to short, grassy turf and scrub.

Tashitow, though small, is a place of some importance. Geographically its position is notable, standing as it does on the Dzungarian slopes of the great watershed. From here also is a foot-track to Barkul, and a short cut over the mountains to Turfan, whilst yet another road leads in fifteen days to Uliassutai. It boasts three inns, and a temple with a lake and spring of water, which though sweet was very turbid. The temple is built against a bare rock of a shining black formation, as though it had been polished with blacklead. We followed a good road from Tashitow past Sankochüan—'Three Springs'—to Muleiho—'Stacked Wood Stream.' It was midnight on Friday when we reached this town, where we were to spend Sunday. We passed down a long street between closed shops, under the frontage of which lay sleeping merchants, doubtless unable to endure the heat of the rooms. Mr. Hunter was ahead of us, and Nimga was waiting to direct us to our inn, which was the only one where rooms were available. He carried in his hand a great bunch of the small, seedless grapes from Turfan—a welcome sight, for we had tasted no fruit since Hami. The inn court, as well as the street, was full of sleeping men, and the landlord's welcome was far from encouraging: 'There are rooms all right,' he said, 'but no one attempts to sleep in them at this season.' Then, turning to our servant, he uttered the one word: 'Bugs'!

There was no alternative, so we spread a macintosh sheet on the *kang* and then lay down, leaving the candle

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lighted, as the most sure means of keeping unwelcome guests at bay. The tins of Keating's powder, which we had on order, had failed us with the other stores, but even had we secured them, nothing can finally circumvent these insects, which creep along the rafters and drop from the ceiling on to the hapless victim beneath! We were soon fast asleep, but at dawn a still worse plague faced us, for the walls were black with loathsome flies, and not one moment's peace did we know throughout our Sabbath rest in Muleiho.

The little town was in the proud position of having been lately raised to the civic status of a '*hsien*' city, in consequence of which it now had its own Resident Civil Magistrate, whose new Yamen had just been erected.

A wooden bridge spanned the wide river which rushed by the city wall, and here the inhabitants were wont to gather in the cool of the day, at the hour when all the animals of the city were led down to be watered.

The arable land was extensive and splendidly irrigated, and there was every sign of prosperity. Strings of little donkeys, driven by Turki vendors, constantly passed our inn door laden with baskets of grapes from Turfan. The large black and white grapes were not yet ripe, but the small seedless variety was plentiful and cheap. This is the kind from which the Turfan sultana is produced in such abundance.

A band of children, with whom we made friends, took us up to a court in the Yamen buildings to see a red deer, which had been caught young in the mountains and was being reared in captivity. Its antlers were particularly fine, and we noticed that all the medicine shops of Muleiho were decorated with splendid specimens of such antlers, which are highly valued for medicinal purposes.

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the route taken by the hordes of the Tungan rebels, as they marched from South Kansu to Turkestan, mercilessly exterminating the Chinese population, razing their villages to the ground, and carrying off many of the women and boys as trophies of war.

Leaving the little '*hsien*' city of Fukang—'The Mound of Peace'—we realised with delight that only one more night in an inn lay between us and the Mission Compound in Urumchi, where we should find a bed, sheets, bathing facilities in the place of the small tin basin which we carried, and the possibilities of getting our clothes washed. At Kumuti—'Ancient Pastures' we were but twenty miles from the city, but when it was suggested that we should only take a brief rest and then press on, we felt that we simply could not do it. The best room in the inn was occupied by a Nogai gentleman, whom we had met two years previously in Ansi. Unfamiliar as we were then with Asian tribes, we had mistaken him for a pure Russian, and therefore had been much puzzled when he told us that he was a Moslem. His horse was ready saddled, as he was leaving for the capital, which he could reach by nightfall, and he was glad to be the first to announce our whereabouts. The name of Kumuti, meaning 'Ancient Pastures' indicates that in olden days the flocks and herds of the Uigur chiefs were grazed in this place.

Dawn saw us again on the road, thrilled at the prospect of so soon seeing the great capital of Sinkiang, on which our thoughts has so often centred as we pictured the base from which Mr. Hunter and Mr. Mather had carried on their missionary operations for so many years. Mr. Mather had now been in China for sixteen years without taking any furlough, and considerable pressure had been brought to bear upon him to return for a short period to England. This,

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journey. It was hard for our driver to restrain his horses until we had taken leave, and no sooner was the final word 'ping-an tsai'—'peace be with you'—spoken, than he scrambled to his seat, lashed his team, and instantly the horses sprang forward, breaking into a quick trot. They proved to be in good condition, and we found that travelling by tarantass was comfortable, and indeed far less wearying than by Chinese cart. Moreover we were able to cover six miles per hour at a steady pace, exactly doubling our former speed, the seven hundred miles to Chuguchak[1] being accomplished in a fortnight, whereas by Chinese cart it would have been a journey of twenty-two days. The roads were good, and the jingling bells, the gaily-painted circus hoop, and the freely-harnessed, trotting horses made a cheerful *ensemble*, while at each half-stage there was a wayside inn where we could buy hot water and make tea.

Mr. Hunter had, at the last moment, decided also to come with us as far as Chuguchak. His little ammunition-cart was, therefore, like our own tarantass, laden to its uttermost capacity. Mr. Mather used his own horse, while Nimga rode by Mr. Hunter's cartside. There was a great deal of traffic on the road, carts of merchandise from Russia and Ili constantly passing us. On the first day we met twelve carts laden with tin and galvanised iron pails, such as are so popular on the Urumchi market, and without which no traveller moves; matches, sugar, and leather formed the cargo of many others. It was long after dark when we reached the first inn at Changki. Every room was occupied, and the courtyard was full of vehicles laden with grain, cotton and water-melons. Each driver was sleeping near his merchandise, and the stalls were crowded with beasts that kicked, squealed, and bit at each other throughout the night. Seeing that there was no

[1] [From Urumchi -- Analyst]

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sleeping accommodation to be had, we contented ourselves with our cart. Some time before dawn the yard was astir. Every carter threw a measure of grain into his animal's trough, watered the beasts, then called to the landlord to settle the account, which transaction was always accompanied by squabbling and cursing, but not until the required amount was handed over did the big double doors open, and allow the carts to pass out. We, too, were up early, and for breakfast had the unaccustomed luxury of a bowl of warm milk which an old Chantow ladled out from a brass pot, in which it was kept hot over a brazier.

We were now entering the district known as 'Fly Land,' a name which speaks for itself, and from this time until we reached the higher and more arid land near Chuguchak, our meals were made revolting by these loathsome pests, which also made rest or sleep by day impossible. Knowing this, we had brought lengths of mosquito netting with which all our food was covered and in which we wrapped our provisions, but still the table was a black, moving mass of winged horrors. Soon after midday we were at Hutupi—a thirty-mile stage—which we accomplished with great ease. The range of the Tian Shan, culminating in the glistening Bogdo, made a most striking background, and the land around the villages was very fertile, producing good crops of millet, wheat and sorgum. At the Moslem inn where we stayed, all the best rooms were occupied by the family of the innkeeper himself, but we always had access to the harem, and through the womens' court a little back door took us straight out into fields near running water, where we enjoyed space and some coolness. The lane at the back of the house was also the connecting link with the back-door of every house on the north side of the village, and

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as soon as we appeared women and girls emerged on every side and sat down with us, forming a gay picture with their brightly coloured dresses and white veils thrown up against the green cornfields behind.

The Moslem women are intelligent, but are only viewed as providing temporary gratification to their husbands, who take them into favour or thrust them aside at pleasure, even divorcing them or bringing fresh wives to the home on the slightest provocation. The concentrated contempt and hatred of a lifetime were stamped on the face of one discarded woman, who, at the mention of her husband, drew herself up, and said: 'Men! they are not men, they are beasts!' The tragedy of the Moslem woman's life makes the opportunity for the Christian woman missionary to present the Gospel of spiritual liberation which she preaches.

Our daily meals consisted of tea and bread in the grey dawn before starting, but on the longest stages we now always found a halfway house where we could sometimes buy hard-boiled eggs; the real meal of the day, however, was made when our march was completed, and into our own little iron pot we put a piece of meat and some vegetables, which we boiled together, ladled out the soup, and divided the meat, Nimga being always ready to finish what remained! The following day we had a long stage of fifty miles, but our driver kept his beasts well fed, and they took the road in fine style, accomplishing the journey in nine and a half hours. The town of Manas which we reached that evening, though a busy market-centre, gives the traveller no idea of the size of the agricultural district which surrounds it. Here is the richest and best watered farming country to be found within range of Urumchi on the north. Its population is almost wholly occupied in farming, and wheat, rice, maize,

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vegetables and fruit, especially grapes and apples, find a ready market in the capital. The grapes were the largest we had ever seen, and we carried in the cart an abundant supply which more than made up for the lightening of our load by the bread we had consumed! We were now only a few miles from the Manas River, which is the most important stream in this part of Turkestan. Its source is in the Celestial Mountains, but it finally loses itself in the sand. A little earlier in the season, when the snows were melting, the Manas River is often impassable, and a Chinese lady friend had a few weeks earlier been upset into the water and nearly lost her life. We were now in the last days of August, and it was already cold in the heights of the Tian Shan, therefore we had no cause to fear the sudden treacherous rise of the water which comes from the melting snow, and we crossed without difficulty.

Our next stopping-place was Ulan-Usun—'Blue Water'—where we had the advantage of occupying the inn room which had been papered and swept for the use of the Governor's son, who had preceded us on his way to Zaisan. Fresh red paper with eulogistic phrases decorated the door frame; clean matting covered the *kang*, and the court had been generally tidied up in honour of such an important guest. The flies, however, still remained.

The country here was splendid grazing ground, covered with tall 'chi-chi' grass. The Mongolian nomads pitch their tents on this plain during the winter months, when the cold drives them down from the higher pastures.

Our driver, though a surly cross-grained fellow, was beginning to thaw under our constant friendly advances. His knowledge of Chinese was very poor, but the present of a bunch of grapes or a piece of new bread,

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during which we travelled. Earlier in the summer the Manas and other rivers constitute a real peril. The cold in Turkestan and Southern Siberia in early winter increases the hardship of the way, and when the spring thaw sets in, the roads around Urumchi are sometimes impassable for weeks, owing to mud-pits which are so extensive that no cart can negotiate them.

CHAPTER XLIII

ARRIVAL AT CHUGUCHAK

On September 2nd we sighted Hsihu. It is an important town surrounded by a considerable area of irrigated land, where was the junction of the Ili and Chuguchak main roads. The place presented the usual aspect of a central point used by farmers as a market. The streets were very countrified; nevertheless large sums of money pass from hand to hand between the grain merchants and their customers. There were the usual bazaars, fruit and vegetable vendors, and general shops where travellers might buy a pail, basin, towel, soap, or cigarettes, while herbalists showed a dusty store of rhubarb, cardamoms, liquorice, fennel, cloves, and ginger. The inns were crowded with caravans travelling to Ili, or arriving from Siberia. Knowing that even by tarantass we should not reach Chuguchak for another ten days, and that on leaving this fertile land we should pass through a barren country providing neither fruit nor vegetables, we loaded up once more with cucumbers, melons, and grapes, and late in the evening a vine-grower appeared carrying a basket of splendid fruit freshly cut, on which we all feasted for several days. A long stage of sixty miles, the latter part of which was over a sandy waste between tamarisk